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ORIGINAL POETRY.

RECOLLECTIONS.

My mother's face! how often rise
Its features to my mental eye,
When silence all around me lies,
And fancy to the past will fly.
At times—her look I may forget
While lost in worldly joy or pain,
But at the moving moment—yet
Those features will return again;
They take me back to vanish'd hours,
And all my childhood's sunny bower.

My mother's form!—how many an hour,
While wandering through this sylvan shore,
Or roving in sequestered bower,
Remembrance spreads her mantle o'er,
And then that form before me brings
A crowd of half-forgotten things.

My mother's name! if ever—when
The laugh and jest are passing round,
I chance to hear it spoken, then—
What power is in its solemn sound!
For like a knell the voice must be
Which breathes again that name to me.

My mother's voice!—where'er alone
Its cadence comes upon my ear,
And often in another's tone,
Mark this that very voice I hear,
Then thoughts upon my spirit press,
Which mists it of its loneliness.

I gaze in vain upon the brow,
Of some thy kindred left behind;
But there is not one feature now
Like thy own image in my mind.
Or what was once my mother's face.
Ineider can thy features see.

In hues that are composed by art,
But ever shall their semblance be
Engraven deep upon my heart. SYLVIA.

THE DEATH OF THE TRAPPER. SUGGESTED FROM THE PRAIRIE.

He died,
And oh! it was no common tribute which
The mighty monarch, who spares none, received
When he gave up his lease of lengthen'd life.
How noble, awful, and sublime his death—
Pain had not sever'd that mysterious tie,
Which to the body binds the immortal soul;
But nature weary grown, yielded at last
To the destroying angel of his God.

The young and gallant chief, whom he had saved,
The son of his adoption, one hand clasp'd,
The other held that of the descendant
Of his ancient friend; his faithful dog
Was lying at his feet, lifeless, yet seeming
* In his view to live; he was unconscious.

That his trusty friend had paid the debt which
All that's mortal o'er unto the author
Of their fleeting lives; his was fast ebbing;

His eye had lost its brightness, and his arm
The vigour which in youth had strengthened it.
At times, a beam of intellect reviv'd,
Would light his features, and again illumine
His death contracted brow; by then would speak
Of youthful days, and of his coming death;

Till where his father slept, and humbly crav'd
Some stone might tell where he himself should
sleep;

That future generations might derive
A knowledge that a man like him had liv'd,
A man like him had died.

He paused,
And silence hung around him; then again
His face reasm'd a glow of beatifulness,
His eye its brightness, and his arm its strength;
Rising his unbent form, as in obedience
To some mighty call, "Here," cried the ancient
one,

And stak again into his humble seat,

Then into slumber calm, as infants sleep,

But ne'er to wake again.

SELM.

* It will be remembered that Hector, the old
and favorite companion of the Trapper, had died,
and his body was stuffed after the fashion of the
Indians, and laid by his master, that he might not
in his last moments miss, or feel the loss of his
trust friend.

SUNRISE.
Darkness is past;—the midnight gloom that hung
Brooding in silence o'er a slumbering world,
The violet curtain that o'er earth was flung—
Gives place where morning's gay dress glan-

ce'd
Waves o'er the amber east in golden pride,
While formless messengers on morn tipt wing
Seem on the orient atmosphere to glide,
The gladdening heralds of the coming king.

And bright and glorious are the beams that break
In gorgeous splendor up the twilight sky,
Reflecting down upon the still blue lake,
Or lighting up the mountain steep on high.

How lost is he to fancy's heaven fraught power,

Who sleeps the time of early morn away;

Who gives to slumbering indolence the time

Of joy's effulgence, of approaching day!

For here may virtue see her hallored shrine

Lat by the purest beams of holiness,

Deck'd by the brightest wreaths that joy can twine;

While every breath speaks purity and bliss;

And oh! 'tis like that one dear ardent smile

That breaks upon the soul in earlier years;

The glowing tint that gleams a little while

On youth's fair morn, bedew'd with love's warm

tears.

And brighter now the lustrous glow is spread,

Kindling afar the gladness of his ray,

Who rising glorious from his wave-wrapt bed,

Meets the warm smile that hails the welcome

day.

For many a one with care and grief oppress'd,

Has watched with anxious eye the coming dawn,

To whom the wakeful pillow gave no rest,

For whom no vest of kind repose was drawn.

Thus when the soul afflicted and forlorn
Has sunk beneath oppressive sorrow's night,
Shall burst the radiance of hope's bright morn,
Shedding around her gleams of holy light.
And thus when slumbering in the darkling gloom
Of death, and all that is has past away,
The sun of life shall rise upon the tomb,
And spread the beams of an immortal day.

MINSTREL OF MANAYUNK.

THE LADIES' FRIEND.

ON THE CULTIVATION OF TASTE.

A female of cultivated taste has an influence upon society wherever she moves.—She carries with her that secret attractive charm which operates like magic upon the beholder, fixes the attention and softens the feelings of the heart like those benign influences over which we have no control. It is impossible to be long in her presence without feeling the superiority of that intellectual acquirement which so dignifies her mind and person. Her words and actions are dictated by its power, and give ease and grace to her emotions. The cultivation of a correct taste is so joined in affinity with the social affections, that it is almost impossible to improve the one without affecting the other. For it is seldom that we see this respondent qualification attached to minds under the influence of moral principles, neglectful of those social feelings which cement society together, and preserve it from jarring innovations. It is needful in every department of life; and more of our happiness is derived from this source than we are often aware of.

Look at domestic scenes with a discerning eye, and see the movements of a woman of taste. If she is the head of a family, order appears to be the first law which governs and controls her actions. All her affairs are planned with wisdom; confusion and discord never disturb her mind. Her house is the seat of social happiness, where the stranger and friend can repose with delight for quietness, and order are the inmates of her habitation.—The proud pedant may boast of her superiority in the literary world; yet, if she is destitute of that delicacy which softens and dignifies the female character, she must certainly yield up her ascendancy to the moral world, to that woman (who, perhaps, in science is greatly her inferior), who has, by a constant attention to this criterion of the female character, acquired that knowledge of the propriety of conduct which regulates her action, and causes her to shine by her own lustre. When this faculty is cultivated, the best use is made of every thing which surrounded us. The moral, intellectual and physical world, presents a volume ever open for instruction; and subjects adapted to the capacity for improvement, are always selected by her correct taste for meditation and reflection. The beautiful and sublime, are contemplated with increasing pleasure, and every object which strikes the eye affords matter for improvement, and is monopolized to the best advantage.

A woman of taste can render a cottage far more desirable than a palace without her; for if providence has been less bountiful to her of its rich gifts, yet, by the influence of this superior faculty, the eye is made to rest with the same delight upon that arrangement of its goods, as if abundance had been poured into her lap. The direction of the female mind is not made to depend upon that variety of scientific pursuits as many might conclude, but more upon certain incidents or associations which take in early life. Multiplicity of objects confuse the mind and leave it embarrassed; when a plain and simple subject was unfolded with perspicuity and ease, the mind would readily embrace the truth; and a channel of correct thinking would be open which it could pursue, with steadiness and perseverance. The taste thus early cultivated, will still with the more vigorous faculties of the understanding, and blend together until the character is formed. The grand object in view relative to the female character is moral beauty; and in my opinion, the early cultivation of taste, with a proper attention to the understanding, heart, and social affections would make the nearest approaches to this aim of human knowledge, for which the female character was designed. It is to be lamented that persons of piety should consider this a subject of little importance compared with others, when others are so much affected by it. True piety and virtue would shine with their approach and pay their respects, or introduce their friends, with the same attention and politeness they would use in private society.

In the third story are the billiard rooms; but, those who are reading the billiard rooms and pipes, here, the "billiards" of Paris refer to those who are not engaged at billiards, but upon the sofa—read the newspapers—while away the time with draughts or dominoes; or discuss the merits of the last night's performance.

The fourth story is for the most part occupied by inmates whose seduction are even more dangerous than these, and among whom I did not care to venture.

The entire third story of one side of the palace, is appropriated to the gaming tables. I mean the roulette and roulette tables. Here the wagers are first introduced into an aristocratic society; those who are not engaged at billiards, lounge upon the sofa—read the newspapers—while away the time with draughts or dominoes; or discuss the merits of the last night's performance.

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covering the face. In short, the gentleman confessed that he was the Earl of Rossbury's eldest son, Lord Dalman; that he was born and educated in Italy, and never was in England till two or three years ago, when he fell passionately in love with this lady, in London, and prevailed on her to quit the kingdom, and marry him; that having had health, he had travelled with her all over Europe; and when she was dying he asked for pen and paper, and wrote, "I am the wife of the Rev. Mr. G.—, rector of Th.—, in Essex; my maiden name was C.—, and my last request is, to be buried at

Th.—" The poor gentleman, who last married her protests he never knew, till this confession on her death bed, that she was the wife of another person; but, in compliance with her desire, brought her over and should have buried her at Th.— (if the corpse had not been stopped,) without making any stir about it.—After the nobleman had made this confession, they sent to the Rev. Mr. G., who put himself first into a passion, and threatened to run her last husband through the body. However, he was prevailed on to be calm; it was represented to him, that this gentleman had been at great expense and trouble to fulfil her desire, and Mr. G. at length consented to see him. This meeting was very moving, and they addressed each other civilly. The stranger protested that his affection to the lady was so strong, that it was his earnest wish, not only to attend her to the grave, but to be shut up for ever with her there. He had a very handsome coffin made for her, with six large silver plates over it and at last was very loth to part with her to have her buried. He put himself in the deepest mourning, and the next Sunday attended the service at Th.—, where Mr. G. met it in like manner. After the funeral, Mr. G. attended him to London, where they parted very civilly.

RECOLLECTIONS OF PARIS. The Palace Royal.

The Palace Royal! that wonderful epitome of every thing that is splendid and delectable, and luxurious and vicious in the world! The entrance from the Rue St. Honore, through large iron gates guarded by soldiers—after passing these, and a vestibule enriched with exquisitely specimens of sculpture, the visitor arrives at the palace itself, which is the form of an immense parallelogram, the central portion being open to the Heavens, and the sides consisting of splendid buildings, of 5 stories in height. The lower story is divided into ranges of shops, where are exposed the most tempting articles of apparel, jewelry, diamonds, glass, &c. so that the visitor is tempted to waste his money, and dawdled with the shopkeepers. In front of these shops, is a large and beautiful colonnade, separated from the open square, by iron railings, with gates at proper intervals; the roof is skylight, (if I may coin a word) and supported by slender and graceful pillars—is here that the Parisians resort in the evening "pour l'Amour"—to see and to be seen. The motley crowd, is diverting enough to the stranger; rich and poor, gentle and simple, well dressed and ill-dressed, soldiers and citizens, ladies and gentlemen—all alive to the pleasures of the moment, and all desirous of making their acquaintance—so that the visitor is compelled to pay a great deal of attention to the people of Paris.

And who is the most popular shopkeeper?—It is the dress of the Parisians, which is the most popular shopkeeper. And who is the most popular dress?—It is the dress of the Parisians, which is the most popular shopkeeper.

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Scotland was thus once more free; but in consequence of bad seasons and the disorders of war, it suffered severely from famine. With the view of procuring subsistence to his returning followers, Wallace marched his army into the north of England; and for upwards of three weeks the whole of that wide tract of country from Cockerham and Carlisle, to the gates of Newcastle, was wasted with all the fury of revenge, license, and rapacity.

Wallace now assumed the title of "Gou-
dine of Scotland, in the name of King John (Balil), and by the consent of the Scottish Nation." That he was virtually so, there can be no doubt; and we ought therefore to be the less scrupulous in inquiring as to the forms which attended his investiture with this high dignity. With the aid and countenance of only one of the Scottish barons, the lamented Andrew Murray, and supported by the lower order of the Scottish people alone, he had freed his country from English thraldom, and restored it to its ancient independence. A service so great and unexampled, gave him a claim to the appellation of Scotland's Guardian, which wanted neither form nor solemnity to make it as well founded as any title that ever existed.

The barons who had stood aloof during the struggle for liberty, now began as before, to intermeddle with the fruits of the conquest so gloriously achieved. Of Wallace, they speedily evinced the utmost jealousy. His elevation wounded their pride, his great services were an unceasing reproach to their inactivity in the public cause. Strife and division were again introduced into the Scottish camp, at a time when more than ever, unanimity was necessary to the establishment of the national independence.

Edward had again invaded Scotland with a powerful army, and Wallace had a second time to risk a general battle for freedom. In the neighbourhood of Falkirk the hostile armies met. Wallace had now around him, a Cunningham, a Stewart, a Graham, and Macduff, and other names of equal note in Scottish chieftainship; but fearless through the distrust of so many rivals, when alone with the gallant Murray, he led his countrymen to the battle, which deserted his plume. The Scots were defeated with great slaughter, and though for some time after they kept up the war in detached parties, they were no longer able to muster any army in the field. —Edward, with his victorious troops, swept the whole country, from the Tweed to the Northern Ocean, and there was scarcely any place of importance, but gained his way.

Yet amid this wreck of the national liberty, Wallace despaired not. He had lived a freeman, and resolved to die one. All his endeavours to rouse his countrymen were, however, in vain. The season of resistance was for the present past. Wallace perceived that there remained no more hope, and sought out a place of concealment, where, eluding the vengeance of Edward, he might silently laze over his country.

Nothing now remained in Scotland unoccupied, but the castle of Stirling, which was at length compelled to surrender. But Wallace still lived; and while he existed, though without forces, and without an ostensible place of residence, his countrymen were not absolutely without hope, nor Edward without fear. Every exertion was made to cover his retreat, and at length he was betrayed into the hands of the English. He was brought to Westminster, and there, as a traitor by Edward, and as having burnt villages, stormed castles, and slaughtered many subjects of England, "a traitor" excommunicated. Wallace, indignantly, "What injury I could do to Edward, the enemy of my liege sovereign, and of my country, I have done, and I glory in it." Sentence of death was immediately executed, with that studied rigour in the circumstances of the punishment, which while seeking to make impressions of terror, excite pity. His head was placed on a pike-staff at London, and his mangled limbs were distributed over the land.

Thus cruelly perished a man whom Edward could never subdue, and whose only crime was an invincible attachment for freedom and independence.

THE EVENING POST.

A TRUE STORY.

A gentleman who had a large household was one day standing at his door, when a set of the meanest hounds, who seemed by the barking of their tails to be more than half famished, came whining most piteously to his feet, and by every gesture which a dumb brute could employ, implored his assistance. The gentleman, who was naturally of a compassionate disposition, and had within an abundance to satisfy the wants of the animal, directed him to be taken into the kitchen, and led placidly on the sofa. Here the dog soon underwent a change of countenance; his sides were covered with sweat, and he exhibited his glands to his master, who was in the kitchen, whenever he was permitted.

He had not waited long, for being pampersed on mush with good things, for grew weary of fetching and carrying, the only labour required of him, and thought he should be allowed to live in total ease and quiet, like other dogs in the neighbourhood. His master perceiving this change in his conduct, ordered him to be expelled from the kitchen, before leaving it to support even a dog in illness. Upon this Tommy, for that was the eur's name, grew wretchedly weak, and forgotten of all past benefits, growled and snarled at his master who never let him out of his sight. Young Tommy had lost his taste, but excite the laughter of the gentleman, he had recourse to a stratagem, in which he supposed not but prove annoying. There was a little lap-dog who was occasionally admitted into the gentleman's parlour to amuse the children, for which he was well calculated, being a sweet, pretty, smooth-skinned fellow, as one might meet in a summer's day, with a very sentimental look, which, in a wisp-dog, was very becoming. This little fellow being a prodigious favourite with the younger part of the family, who loved to hear him whine, he did it so very pathetically, and with a most sweet serenade so peculiar to himself, was petted and caressed, and fed upon sweet morsels, and of all which he was fond, and he began to begin to like it, although it was but a lap-dog, as of some importance. Tommy, who for a moment was very unhappy, observing the vanity of *Reckless*, as the pup was termed, drew him aside one evening, when he saw him walking in the street, laying on the master, and so flattered him by rubbing his skin and playing with his paws, looking all the while as if he thought him the greatest little dog in the neighbourhood, that pup was fully induced to follow the footsteps of Tommy. This induced them to start, and the master, in pursuing the dog, the gentleman, Tommy set up a shout, he soon heard the watchman, who drove them both off, and away they went scampering as if each had a kettle tied to his tail. The next morning they returned, and making more noise than before, the neighbours looked out, and observing Reckless along side of Tommy, they said it was a great pity that such a nice little dog as he was should be engaged in an ugly war, and acted so unmercifully to his master's hounds. To be sure they knew he could not do the gentleman any injury, for his bark was not mean, and proved to be very troublesome for the honour of the dog-trotter, they thought he should be sent to the kennel.

For me, however, they had no compassion; and one of them, out of whose leg he had attempted to bite a large piece of flesh, had him caught and mangled, to prevent others from suffering similar attacks. Since then Tommy has grown bad, but being mangled, is suffered to run at large, barking and scolding at such a rate that quite people who have a great antipathy to mud dogs are determined to have him confined. Reckless is half ashamed of his injury, however, they had no compassion; and one of them, out of whose leg he had attempted to bite a large piece of flesh, had him caught and mangled, to prevent others from suffering similar attacks. Since then Tommy has grown bad, but being mangled, is suffered to run at large, barking and scolding at such a rate that quite people who have a great antipathy to mud dogs are determined to have him confined. Reckless is half ashamed of his injury.

conduct, but having lost all generous feeling by his association with Tommy, will not confess it, and though he more than suspects that Tommy is not the dog he took him for, he is determined to follow him to his tomb.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS—No. 1.

(Concluded.)

I freely concede that if the Society have a principle of paramount importance in the one intended to be altered, and this principle would be affected by the alteration, the Society, from the nature of its original institution or compact, cannot move in the matter. For instance, it is admitted that Almighty God is the sovereign Lord of conscience, and that with the rights of conscience no power, civil or ecclesiastical, has any right to interfere; then the improvements or innovations contemplated, except progress while one dissenting member throws himself upon his bosom, or constitutes for protection, and claims his privilege—and it, under this protecting power in the constitution, an individual "dissenteth either in doctrine or in practice from his meeting," he has a perfect right to do so, and there is no power, under this protecting principle, "to compel him to break off his connection with the Society," nor has his friend, if the principle is preserved, any exclusive privilege to break it. The rights of conscience under such a clause could not be violated. It must therefore be considered as settled, that unless he breaks a positive rule—a rule not repugnant in its own nature to a higher rule, that he can be *even* so slightly handled as to cut off his existence as a member.—In these cases alone is it that the right of an individual to regulate and rule the majority can ever be admitted. When ever he has the discipline, or the rule of the Society with him, he has the right to use it for his protection, though he should be the weakest of the flock. In this case it is conceded that man may safely stand against his meeting, or one meeting against the whole Society.—One may chase a horse and two pot-thous thousand to flight. But if there is no rule, or if one individual, or one hundred individuals aggregate to themselves the right of making rules, or of deciding upon what is a rule, or what is discipline, and thus against the voice of a majority of the meeting, and *unleash* to *adversaries* upon the majority, it is an utterly anomalous principle that they can be justified.

The manufacture of these hats is said to be prosecuting with a fair prospect of success and profit, by Mr. Jabez Boyden, of Dedham, in Norfolk county (Mass.). They are pronounced to be decidedly superior to foreign ones, being of a much finer split, sterner braid, and more fashionable shape. The first may be had for about \$125 cents.

There have arrived at Quebec the present season, to July 30th, 13,065 settlers. This is about double the number of emigrants who arrived in Canada during the same period of last year. The amount of tonnage of vessels arriving this year is 96,528 tons; last year to the same date, 109,065.

The Coal trade of Philadelphia is increasing every year in value and importance. It is interesting to trace the progress of the trade, from its very recent commencement. The following is believed to be collected from accurate sources.

March Chuck, by Lehigh, has sent to Philadelphia, up to Aug. 7, 1826, 19,323 tons.

Mount Carbon, or the Schuylkill, has sent up to Aug. 7, 1826, 8,310 tons.

Mount Carbon, or the Schuylkill, has sent up to Aug. 7, 1826, 10,677 tons.

Mount Carbon, or the Schuylkill, has sent up to Aug. 7, 1826, 8,457 tons.

Mount Carbon, or the Schuylkill, has sent up to Aug. 4, 1826, 4,818 tons.

On the 7th inst. a trial of speed was made between Mr. Roll Ensign, of Ware House Point, on Connecticut river, in a small boat by sculling, and Mr. Alva Allen, of the same place, on foot—distance 6 miles—bet. \$50.

Mr. Allen performed his part in 43 minutes, and Mr. Ensign in 44. Mr. A. of course, came off victorious.

PALM LEAF HATS.

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PACIFICUS.

BRAZIL AND BUGABOOS AYRES.

Captain Hodges, of Brig Susan and Phebe, which sailed at Boston last Monday, in 32 days from Pernambuco, states that peace was declared between Brazil and Buenos Ayres, two days previous to his sailing. There were great rejoicings, and business, as well as people, were a great deal.

It is stated in the New York Enquirer, that James Macaulay, Esq. of Berkmar, has issued proposals to publish a History of the State of New York, in three large octavo volumes, embracing a general and particular view of what can be most interesting on the subject, from the discovery of America and the earliest settlement of the New Netherlands, down to the present time. The work is to be issued as soon as three hundred subscribers are obtained, and to be afforded to them for about eight dollars.

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Messrs. Carey, Lea & Carey, will publish to day, Sir Walter Scott's Life of Napoleon, in three large volumes. It is said they issue eleven thousand copies of the first edition, making thirty-three thousand volumes—weighing twenty-five tons. The price of the English edition of the work is four guineas and a half—the American edition will be sold for less than one fourth of that sum.

The new novel of Sir Walter Scott, entitled the "Chronicles of the Canongate," is in press and will appear in London early in October. About the same time, another work will be issued from the same hands, which is to be called "Tales of a Grandfather," being a series of stories from the History of Scotland, designed for the author's grandson.

COMMUNICATION.

MASSES EDITORS.

The principal circumstances connected with the story of Junius and Garrick, published in last week's Post, are probably correct, but the letter itself is doubtless spurious. In Woodfall's edition of Junius may be found a fac simile of the original note in question—It reads thus:

TO MR. DAVID GARRICK.

I am very exactly informed of your important note, and of the information you have received from Mr. H. H. Harrington, in which he states that a man's religion between him and his Creator, then the illustrious dead, any more than the illustrious yet unborn, have no right to interfere in that religion. And Friends themselves have repeatedly recognized this view,—first, by disowning the property in fee—secondly, by alterations in their discipline, utterly inconsistent with the idea that they are not supreme in governing and making it. Then they are tenants for life or during good behaviour, under a charter embodied in the book of discipline, when they claim and exercise an undoubted right to alter, deface, and amend that charter, is absurd. He allogues, they have no right to alienate their faith and tenets. He just before said they adhered to the principles of the Society, was "purely voluntary," and surely one can abandon them, all can. We would be glad to know how these Friends became possessed of the right to alienate the faith and tenets they professed when the light of the gospel rose upon them. If adherence to the Society is "purely voluntary," we are only tenants at will, and have a right to abandon the property, the faith, and the tenets, but it must be pretty manifest from the tenor of this writer's exhortation that they think with him mean to stick to the staff.

We are not however quite satisfied with the assertion that the association of Friends is "purely voluntary." They are trustees for those who have, and have accepted of the trust, it is no longer a "purely voluntary" association, they are bound to perform the trust.

The following is the relative number of deaths which occur in proportion to the population in the different cities cited.

Philadelphia, 1 in 45,68
Boston, 1 in 41,36
New York, 1 in 57,83
Baltimore, 1 in 55,14.

COMMUNICATION.

Who can read the following, and not immediately apply it to the fatal disorder, so common in this country, called the summer complaint in children? When the child eats any thing to disagree with it, it immediately causes an inflammation in the bowels, due to spasmodic, or nervous, or it may be cold, a situation possible, to relieve the inflammation, which dries up the child's claus, and the pores close to the skin is obstructed to the intestines, the seat of inflammation, and gradually terminates fatally. Use in the weekly reports of New York, ending the 28th of July last, the deaths were 36 men, 37 women, 43 boys and 33 girls. Had salt and warm water, which can be procured in every part of the country, been applied with a coarse towel, the fretful child would have not opened the pores of the skin, but have caused a circulation which might not only have prevented the disorder, but even cured it after it had commenced. Bay salt is nothing, but it is very depraved, and impairs the power of the bowels, which can be immediately removed by pouring clean fresh water on the child. One reason why this disorder is not so fatal in winter is, that the child is kept warm with flannel or warm clothing, by which means the pores are kept open and the natural circulation encouraged.

In the city of New York, last week, there were 29 deaths of children alone—many of which, no doubt, were occasioned by the causes alluded to above.

The balance of the debt due by Mr. Murray, to the bank of the United States, to transfer from the bank of Columbia, amounting to about \$25,000 has been discharged by the conveyance of this bank, of the whole of the residue of his tract of Land above Milton, consisting of upwards of 2700 acres, with an agreement that it sells for more than the amount of the debt, that the surplus shall be restored to him.

THE HARVEST.

Our farmers this season have been blessed with plentiful crops of every kind of grain and grass, and all we believe have been successful in housing and stacking it without injury in the least—So bountiful a display of the goodness of Him who ruleth over all, calls for united thanksgivings; and whilst other nations are pining in misery and want, plenty sheds her stores abroad over our land, and abundance is every where the reward of industry. And surely are they "blessed in an inheritance but slave!"

of the accident. The direct damage was estimated at several thousand dollars; the collateral loss, from loss of passage money, suspension, &c. must amount to a very considerable sum.

The brig *Sylph*, captain Farrin, which recently arrived at Buenos Ayres from Baltimore, accomplished her passage through the Brazilian blockading squadron in open day light, by a stratagem, the ingenuity and boldness of which deserved to be crowned, as it was, with success. On her passage out, the *Sylph* touched at Rio de Janeiro, and after clearing from that port was disguised in her appearance so as to resemble the British Government Packets which ply monthly between London, (touching at Rio de Janeiro) and Buenos Ayres. Upon making the La Plata, the *Sylph*, with British colours flying, and having the advantage of a fair wind ran boldly in towards the first vessels of the squadron, lying off Monte Video; made the usual signals of the British packets—backed her topsails, and answered the hail of the British officer.—Still holding on her course at a moderate rate, she passed the next vessel in like manner, without exciting the least suspicion as to her real character,—and finally got by the whole squadron—when, hailing down the British colours and hoisting the American flag, she fired a gun in token of triumph, and in a short time was safely moored in the inner roads of Buenos Ayres. The cargo of the *Sylph* was sold at a large profit, and the vessel was disposed of for \$80,000.

Among other distinguished strangers now in Boston, is the young Count de Verne, who arrived on July 30th, 13,065 settlers. This is about double the number of emigrants who arrived in Canada during the same period of last year. The amount of tonnage of vessels arriving this year is 96,528 tons; last year to the same date, 109,065.

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THE EVENING POST.

OFFICE No. 112 CHESTNUT STREET.

82 PER ANNUM.—In advance.

All subscriptions d. not paid within the year, will be charged \$3—\$125 for 25 or more.

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for a wager of 170 guineas, undertaken to walk six miles in the hour. The match was decided at Heighton, in his favour by two seconds only.

Mrs. M'Fauler is now at Carlisle, where she has been walking ninety-two miles in twenty-four hours, for the amusement of the idle portion of the inhabitants.

Hopping—Jackson will-to-morrow hop his match for 500 yards on Blackheath. The undertaking is to hop seventy-one yards in twenty-hops. Twelve o'clock is the hour appointed.

On Friday week, a boat, given by Mr. Kean, to be called the "Sir Giles-Overrach," will be rowed for at the Red Horse Tavern, Battersea, on which occasion Mr. Kean will appear in his canoe in the costume of an Indian Chief.

A case was tried before the Lord Chief Justice in London between Miss Graddon, the celebrated vocalis, and Mrs. Price, of the Lane Theatre. It appeared that the plaintiff has been accustomed to play Caroline, in the operas of the age of Belgrade; but that Mr. Price had seen fit to give the character to Mrs. Green. This excited Miss Graddon's anger, and when called upon at a subsequent period, she refused to perform the character, for which she was fined 300. The action was brought to recover from Mr. Price this sum. The jury gave a verdict of 200. It was said, perhaps correctly, by the counsel for Mr. Price, that although Miss Graddon was a most enchanting singer, her ears before and behind the curtain were by no means the same.

An account of an extraordinary case of suicide is given in a paper published at Popayan, South America. A woman, 48 years of age, had for a long time conceived a design of burning herself alive, and, all her family being asleep, she entered an oven which was heated for the purpose of baking bread, and was immediately consumed.

New South Wales papers to the 11th Febrary, give the particulars of a spirited action between the ship Sisters, Capt. Duke, and the ship Wellington. The latter had been seized by sixty-six convicts, banished from Sidney to Norfolk Island, who immediately commenced piracy, and ran down upon New Zealand, where the Sisters fell in with her, and engaged her for six hours, during which four of the pirates were killed, and the Wellington much damaged in her sails and hull. Captain Duke, whose crew consisted of thirty men, then haled, and informed the pirates that if they surrendered, their lives would be saved, otherwise assisted by three hundred natives from the shore, he would put every soul of them to death. This threat had its effect. A great number escaped previous to the surrender, but he brought 34 prisoners into Sidney.

Gore's Liverpool Advertiser says—"It is gratifying to observe that all the accounts contained in the Provincial papers, as well from the manufacturing as from the agricultural districts are of the most favourable character. In the former, we find renewed activity; and England, separated from us, may still, a

little, be a resource to us. In the latter, we are given encouraging tokens that our

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Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

ADDRESS TO A HUSBAND. BY MISS PORTER.

Grant my prayer, and let me go
By toils to share, thy path to smooth;
Is there a woe, a wish, a woe,
Which wedded love can fail to soothe.

At morn, when sleep still seals thine eyes,
My hand thy tempestuous mind spread it
At night my smiles shall check the sighs,
And my fond arms support thy head.

And if thy vexing cares should dart
Some lusty woe, my zeal to shield,
This unsighing, tender heart,
The sacred vow I make shall fill.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"SEEK AND YOU SHALL FIND."

I am captious, frivolous, and conceited, although a simple mortal; and four letters compose my signature. Now, in order to discover who I am, you will require some bearings upon different characters, which I am used to represent. And by judicious calculations and combinations the secret you shall possess.

By my first, second, and third, you will find me a mechanical contrivance, and for a warlike purpose—And by transposing my second, third, and fourth, you will find a counterfeited coin, of small value—Now take my first, second, and fourth, and I will furnish you with a lady's garment—And again transpose my second, third, and fourth, and I am once more in a regardless state, although my viewing in society may be of the most order, I viewing in

my first, second, and third, you will find me a mechanical contrivance, and for a warlike purpose—And by transposing my second, third, and fourth, you will find a lady's garment—And again transpose my second, third, and fourth, and I am once more in a regardless state, although my viewing in society may be of the most order, I viewing in

my first, second, and third, you will find me a product of a pond, and one of the fishy tribe.

CHARADES.

For my first, take three-fourths of that which is immaterial—For my second, take the third of a penal retribution—For my third, take the half of a mineral—And my whole when combined, will form a weekly remittance much adored.

For my first, take a vest—For my second, two-fourths of a political duration—And in a third, which contains that which when possessed, will make you rich in intellect and scientific sense, will make you rich in

Cardinal Massrin, having been repeatedly teased by a clerical tutor for a benefice, one day when the young churchman had again been importuning him, turned to a sentinel who was standing by, and said, "My good friend, I wish you would take up your firelock, and go and shoot an Abbot for me, that I may have an Abby to give to this gentleman."

RIDE AND SAIL.

A boat builder in Reading, Pa., not long ago, made a trip to Philadelphia, in rather an extraordinary manner. He constructed a boat that would carry a wagon, and a wagon that would carry a boat. With these, shifting and sailing by turns, as land or water, turnpike, river, or canal rendered most convenient, he arrived at Philadelphia, where he sold the boat at good profit, and returned in the wagon.

A WIFE.

In the new piece of Love and Reason, old General Durbin is persuading Adjutant Vincent to marry—“She is an angel,” says the General. “I don’t want an angel—I should not know what to do with an angel,” is the reply of the single hearted Adjutant. “She is all sweetness,” rejoins the General. “Suppose she have (answers Vincent) but it does not follow that I should live to thrust my head into it.”

Judge Kelly always most candidly admitted his legal mistakes. I recollect my friend William Johnson once pressed him very forcibly to a decision in his favor, and, stating as an argument (in his usual peremptory tone to judges he was not afraid of,) that there could be no doubt on the point—precedent was imperative in the matter, as his lordship had decided the same points the same way twice before. “So Mr. Johnson,” said the judge, looking grimly, shifting his seat somewhat, and shrugging up his right shoulder, “so I because I decided, wrong twice, Mr. Johnson, you have me do so a third time? No, no, Mr. Johnson! you must excuse me. I’ll decide the other way this time,” and so he did.—Sir J. Barrington’s Sketches.

There is now living in England an undertaker, whose Christian name is Mark Anthony. A wag, observing a funeral attended by this gentleman, and forgetting the solemnity of the passing scene, applied to his friend the words of Brutus over the dead body of Caesar: “Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Anthony, who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying.”

Monseur Ude, the cook, is likely to rival Mr. Rogers in his good sayings. His lamentation on the loss of his late Royal Highness the Duke of York is worthy of being preserved. “Oh, mon prince! (he exclaimed) my kind master! He was the best hearted of men. Oh, mon prince! He shall miss me very much where he has gone to!”—London *Literary Gazette*.

THE ACQUES SNAKE.

On returning home through a large chocolate plantation, the slave pointed out to us a snake coiled up and apparently asleep. I told the Doctor I should like to have a shot at him, which I did with my left barrel, in which I had swan shot, and only wounded him in the tail. The moment I fired, he sprang up, and looked round and espied us, on which he came directly towards us, sweeping along his head erect and about three feet from the ground. We all now began to be alarmed, and the Doctor ordered us to retire a few yards behind a large tree, while he advanced to give him the contents of two more barrels, which movement was immediately executed, and when the snake was about ten yards, the Doctor and myself, still fired, and cut him nearly in two, each barrel being loaded with seven or eight small slugs. We then shouted victory, and Mr. Cade, and the rest of our party who had received, being unarmed, came up to us. We examined our fallen enemy, and it proved to be a snake called the *acques*, from having a black cross like an X all along its back.

The snake is considered by the Creoles one of the boldest and most venomous in South America. He measured about six feet and a half in length, and was as thick as my wrist. Had I been aware that this had been so bold and venomous a snake, I certainly should not have disturbed his nest. The Doctor stated that several persons in the province had lost their lives from the bite of the *acques*, and that he had seen them considerably larger.—*Travel through Colombia*.

At the siege of Tortona, Italy, the commander of the army before the town ordered Carew, an Irish officer in the service of Naples, to advance with a detachment to a particular post. Having given his orders, he whispered Carew—“Good-bye, sir; I know you to be a gallant man, and therefore put you upon this duty. I tell you, however, in confidence, it is certain death to you all. I place you there to make the enemy spring a mine below you.” Carew made a bow to the General, and led on his men in silence to the dreadful post. He there stood with an undaunted countenance, and having called to one of his soldiers for a draught of wine “Here,” said he, “I drink to all those who bravely fall in battle.” Fortunately at that instant Tortona capitulated, and Carew, who exhibited the remarkable instance of determined intrepidity, escaped.

NOTODY.

There is not a more ignorant knave in all Christendom, than a certain noted personage who goes by the name of *Notody*.

If your furniture be broken or defaced, and you make inquiry of your kitchen folks, it prettily appears from their testimony, that it was done by *Notody*.

If your farming tools be lost or spoilt, and you inquire who lost or spoiled them, you will find it was *Notody*.

If a false and scandalous story be told against you, and he breed over town and country before you know it, and you try hard to find out the original author, nine chances in ten, that it will turn out that *Notody* made it.

A LONDON HOTEL.

Living in a hotel in London, you never know any body or any thing, except that you are in the hotel, with twenty or fifty other persons, all of whom come down to breakfast in the morning, and hiding themselves in the coffee room behind a large settle, begin to call out most vociferously to the waiter, and keep up the concert from box to box, till they have done and departed to attend to their business. Seated on your own bench and silently sipping your coffee or eating a muffin, you see none of these people, except as they occasionally leave their tables to go out, or take a newspaper from the table opposite. At dinner, if you dine at home, there is no *table d’hôte*, but you are all seated in the same manner seat breakfast, and he that bawls loudest is soonest and best served. Modesty and diligence are of no use at a public house in London, for they would starve a man, even if his pocket was full of money. Thus you live day to day in the same house and the same rooms, with human beings like yourself, many of whom you never see and none of whom you ever speak to, even to ask a civil question, without his imagining you are about to pick his pocket. In these places you never form a modulating acquaintance with any one. The charges are high, waiters are all, although always civil, waiters are well, and call largely upon the larder and wine cellar. The landlady is the most civil person in the house, and you may think yourself lucky to get an occasional nod from her or perhaps her daughter. Landlady you seldom hear of, for the grey mare is, in a London tavern, most generally the better horse.

From the New York Daily Advertiser.

To the Farmers of the United States.

FORTY Acres of first rate Land, situated in Reading, Pennsylvania, on the Lehigh Canal, between Lancaster Turnpike, and 14th from Philadelphia. The improvements consist of a good Stone House, 44 by 18, Stone Barn, 60 by 20; Stone Spring House, and Tenant House, with thriving Apple and pear trees, and excellent fruit trees, and 1000 lbs. of John Brooks, Benjamin Brown, and Isaac White. ALSO, 63 1/2 Acres of Wood Land, 2 miles from the Canal. Further information will be given by Wm. Shultz, Columbus Land and Building Co., on the premises.

MOIDECA MOORE.

“I am an Apprentice wanted to the above Business.

June 11—12.

SAMUEL BURKART’S

W. H. BURKART, Manufacturer of Buttons, on North Front Street, one door below Arch Street, Philadelphia, where all kinds of Buttons are Manufactured of the best quality. Buttons, warranted to be no whalebone in them. Country Stoepkeepers and tailors are invited to call and examine for themselves.

June 11—12.

NOTICE.

All persons having claims against the Estate of ABRAHAM M. KONGMACHER, dec. of Estate of F. H. KONGMACHER, are requested to present their claims, properly authenticated, to S. KONGMACHER & CO., No. 44 Market street, Philadelphia.

June 11—12.

THE BUSINESS.

HERBERT HOWELL, Manufacturer of Buttons, North Third Street, by JOSEPH HOWELL, and ISRAEL HOWELL, under the firm of ISRAEL HOWELL & CO. was discontinued on the 1st ult. All persons indebted to us will please to make payment, and those having any claim against us, to present the same to us, to be adjusted.

July 11—12.

NOTICE.

JOSEPH HOWELL & CO. No. 107 Chestnut Street, keep constantly on hand, Spanish Hides, Dry and Salted, Tanners Oil, and a general assortment of Leather, Smiles and Tools.

July 11—12.

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